

THE

LORD'S *LAMENTATION*;

OR, THE

WHITTINGTON DEFEAT.

—Immensas surgens ferit aurea Clamor
Sydera;—
Sævit atrox Volscens.—

VIRG. ÆN.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN LITCHFIELD, near the *Admiralty*.

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Printed for John P. ...

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LORD'S LAMENTATION;
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I.

GOD prosper long our noble King!
Our Lives and Safeties all;
A woeful *Horse-Race* late there did
At *Whittington* befall. *Litchfield*

II.

Great *B—d*'s Duke, a mighty Prince!
A solemn Vow did make;
His Pleasure in fair *Staffordshire*,
Three Summer's Days to take.

III.

At once to grace his Father's Race,
And to confound his Foes:
But ah! (with Grief my Muse does speak,)
A luckless Time he chose.

For

IV.

For some rude Clowns, who long had felt
 The Weight of *Tax* and *Levy*,
 Explain'd their Case unto his G—ce,
 By Arguments full heavy.

V.

“ No G—w'r, they cry'd ! no Tool of Power !
 At that the E---l turn'd pale :—
 “ No G—w'r, no G—w'r, no Tool of Power !
 Re-echo'd from each Dale.

VI.

Then B—d's mighty Breast took fire,
 Who thus enrag'd, did cry,
 “ To Horse, my *Lords*, my *Knights*, and 'Squires ;
 “ We'll be reveng'd, or die.

VII.

They mounted straight, all Men of Birth,
 Captains of Land and Sea ;
 No Prince or Potentate on Earth,
 Had such a Troop as he.

VIII.

Great Lords and Lordships close conjoin'd,
 A shining Squadron stood :
 But to their Cost, the *Yeoman Host*,
 Did prove the better Blood.

IX.

“ A G—w’r, a G—w’r ! ye Sons of Whore,
 “ Vile Spawn of *Babylon* !
 This said, his G——ce did mend his Pace,
 And came full fiercely on.

X.

Three Times he smote a sturdy Foe ;
 Who, undismay’d, reply’d,
 “ Or be thou *Devil*, or be thou D——ke,
 “ Thy Courage shall be try’d.

XI.

The Charge began ; but on one Side
 Some Slackness there was found ;
 The smart Cockade in Dust was laid,
 And trampled on the Ground.

XII.

Some felt fore Thwacks upon their Backs,
 Some, Pains within their Bowels ;
 All who did joke the R——l Oak,
 Were well rubb’d with its Towels.

XIII.

Then Terror seiz’d the plumed Troop,
 Who turn’d themselves to Flight ;
 Foul Rout and Fear brought up the Rear :
 Oh ! ’twas a piteous Sight !

Each

XIV.

Each Warrior urg'd his nimble Steed;
But none durst look behind;
Th' insulting Foe, they well did know,
Had got 'em in the Wind.

XV.

Who ne'er lost Scent, until they came
Unto the Gallow-Tree:
" Now said their Foes, we'll not oppose
" Your certain Destiny.

XVI.

" No farther Help of our's ye lack,
" Grant Mercy, with your Doom!
" Trust to the Care o'th' three-legg'd Mare;
" She'll bring ye *All* safe home.

XVII.

Then wheel'd about, with this old Shout,
" Confusion to the *R——p!*
Leaving each Knight, to mourn his Plight,
Beneath the triple Stump.——

XVIII.

Now Heav'n preserve such Hearts as these
From secret Treachery!
Who hate a *Knave*, and scorn a Slave,
May such be ever *Free!*

F I N I S.